

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGE, MADE BY CHILDREN

A Christmas Talk and Legend of Christmas Tree

Dear Children of the Club: I promised that I would talk to you this week about Christmas, and that is a promise easy to keep, for this time is one on which the mind loves to dwell. The day, which is known by its dates back to about the middle of the fourth century, when Pope Julius established the festival at Rome on December 25th. Before that time various Christian communities had kept the day on different dates.

I asked you last Sunday to tell me all about the holly, the ground pine and the mistletoe, and their association with the most joyous festival of the year. I asked you to tell me their significance in the language of flowers, and why they had come to be the emblems of love and good will. I told you what the December colors were and asked you to translate their meaning for me. I recalled to your minds the good cheer of December days, and suggested to you to decorate the pleasures of the December heartthrob around these blazing fires. And by these preliminary considerations I have brought you to the further consideration of the Christmas season and all that belongs to it.

Now, I am not going to restrict your confidences about Christmas. You can write and draw and make up puzzles about it, just as you like best. But I shall be glad if some member of the club should feel inclined to tell how the Yule log was brought in on Christmas Eve in old English and Virginia homes, and how the flames roared and danced up the wide chimney while it was burning, and how song and jest and merriment went on around the Christmas tree, that was also lighted on Christmas Eve.

Do you know the origin of the Christmas tree? There is such a pretty legend accounting for it that I must tell you about it. This legend says that St. Wilfrid, Bishop of York, England, and born in the year 645, stood once in the midst of a group of converts to Christianity and hewed down a giant oak which had formerly been the object of their Druidic worship. As it fell backward like a tower, it split asunder in four pieces, and there stood just behind it, unharmed by the fall, a young fir tree, pointing a green spire toward the stars.

Wilfrid let the ax drop, turned to the converts, and said: "This little tree, a young child of the forest, shall be your holy tree to-night. It is the wood of peace, for your houses are built of the fir. It is the sign of an endless life, for its leaves are ever green. See how it points up to heaven! Let this be called the tree of the Christ-child. Gather about it, not in the wilderness, but in your own homes; there it will shelter only loving gifts and rites of kindness.

Now, therefore, that Christmas, as you embody it on your page, will reflect the real meaning of the first festival, "the Christmas in the year 1, with carols by the choir of heaven, and God's own Son, the Saviour of the world, coming as a Christmas gift for all mankind."

MEDALISTS FOR NOVEMBER.
Ida K. Reid, 23 East Canal Street, City.
Doris Baber, Pocahontas, Va.

WEEK'S PRIZE-WINNERS.
Mildred N. Page Lewis, Clamont, Albemarle county, Va.
Charles J. Everett, Greenfield, Va.
Helen Owen, Bassett, Va.

CONTRIBUTORS FOR THE WEEK.
Boyd, Harry A. Miller, Nan M.
Bushwood, Ella Mercer, May F.
Blanco, Betsey Miller, Frank
Butcher, Robert Miller, Major
Bruce, John Ruby
Drew, Hester Potts Thomas R.
Boyle, Sarah Pannill, Thelma
Bryant, A. G. Perkins, Nita
Church, Dorothy Pacini, Caesar
Cox, Essie T. Pannill, Allen B.
Church, Omer Pannill, Mariah
Clary, Kate Page, Mildred
Calloway, C. Pannill, George
Chapin, F. B. Robertson, S. L.
Everett, C. J. Reid, Ella
Grubb, Marie Robertson, Lucy J.
Grubb, Roy Roister, Dorothy
Gardner, E. N. Reid, Ida
Gilliam, R. D., Jr. Schadt, A. M.
Gilliam, C. E. Stewart, Ruth
Green, L. C. Shumate, Anna
Gilliam, C. M., Jr. Smith, Charles
Goode, Nellie Schriener, George
Herdon, Josephine Smith, Bessie
Herr, Katharine Edm., Catharine
Hoge, Alice A. Schreiner, B.
Herring, Mary C. Tyler, Lillie
Hathaway, A. Terry, Edgar
Hale, Mary E. Tyler, Bessie
Johnson, C. C. Winn, John F., Jr.
Jacobs, G. M. Whitehurst, Celia
Lyne, R. G. Whitehurst, O. J.
Lewis, Gay B. Williams, R. W.
Lubiger, Ella Wilby, Lucille
Meade, C. K. Wick, Harry E.
Machen, Helen Wharton, Onelta
Williams, A. C.

TOM'S THANKSGIVING DINNER.

"Tom's going to have a Thanksgiving dinner and I've got to go to his mother. To-day is Thanksgiving day. We are going to have turkey and cranberry sauce, and, for dessert, ice-cream and cake."

"Not quite yet, Jack," said his mother. "And Jack sat down at the table to read, while his mother went to get his mother. 'Come on,' said his mother, 'and dress.'"

"All right," said Jack. "Good-by, mother."

"Come on," said Jack, as he met Tom at the door. "Come in and have a seat."

The dinner was soon ready. "Come on out," said Tom, when dinner was over. They worked busily till the snow man was finished. "Oh! isn't he funny," said Jack. "It is so late now. I must go. Good-by, Tom, what a nice time I have had!"

By JOHN BRUCE,
408 1/2 N. Eighth Street.

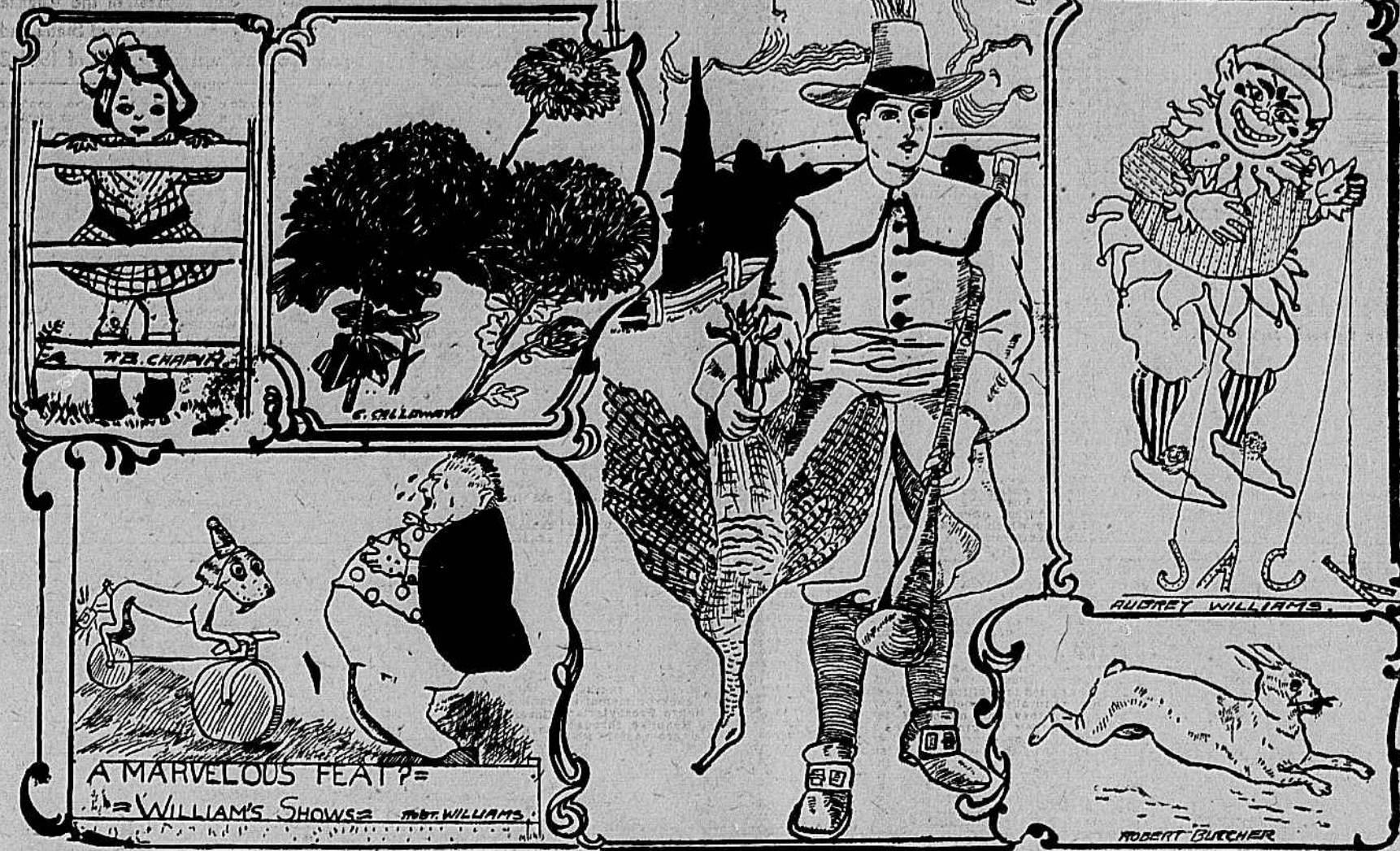
THANKSGIVING.

As Alfred and Mary awoke one morning it was late, and their mother was very busy. Mary, who was five years old, said: "Mother, what are you so busy about this morning?" "Why, my dear," said the mother, "tomorrow is Thanksgiving, and you are going to have so much fun. Your little cousins are coming to spend the day with you."

"So the children went to bed that night with a happy thought. The next morning they awoke early. It was late when Lizzie and Henry came, and what a happy time they had! The turkey was so large and good. It was a very cold day, and the snow was on the ground. Oh, what fun they had! It was 6 o'clock when Lizzie and Henry went home. They said they had spent the happiest Thanksgiving that they ever had."

GAY B. LEWIS,
Hanover Courthouse, Va.
Age ten years.

CHARLES J. EVERETT,
Greenfield, Va.



Thanksgiving.

I can hand the Pilgrim Fathers
A lemon on this day,
Because I've got so awful much
To talk of when I pray.

It's easy to be humble
When there's little, I confess;
'Tis the rich that often stumble;
It takes a man to stand success.

So I'm thankful for the turkey,
Reading quietly in state,
And the pumpkin pie so golden,
I creep and pinch it while I wait.

I'm thankful for the minnows
That fill the babbling brook;
There's a thumping, jumping feeling
When they wriggle on my hook.

Then every frosty morning
I hustle to my trap,
To get the molly cotton,
Sitting in her furry wrap.

There are the birds and sunshine,
And the chestnuts raining down;
Beside our open fireplace
We'll roast them nice and brown.

I'm glad I live in Dixie,
I'm glad we had a Lee;
'Defeated, yet not conquered,'
As glad as I can be!

I'm full of thankful feeling,
Of things I can't explain;
I'm just a little boy,
In the sunshine and the rain.

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Thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving Day was first established in the United States by the Pilgrims at Plymouth in 1621. It became a recognized holiday in New England, replacing Christmas as the great family festival, and has been gradually adopted in other parts of the country. Congress recommended days of thanksgiving annually during the Revolution, and Washington, in 1789, after the adoption of the Constitution. Other days of national thanksgiving have been proclaimed, and since 1863 the last Thursday in November has been annually proclaimed by the Presidents as a national Thanksgiving Day.

IDA K. REID,
23 East Canal Street, City.

A Happy Thanksgiving

(Original Story.)

"Oh, mamma, I am so, so lonely," sighed little Dorothy Grande to her mother, as they were sitting in the parlor. "And to-day is Thanksgiving. Let us have a feast for the best. What makes you so lonely?" she asked anxiously.

"Nothing, dear mamma, only I miss uncle. Do answer me, as she came and kissed her mother. 'May I sit down in your lap?'"

"Certainly, dear," replied Mrs. Grande. "As the mado ready for her little daughter."

It did not take long to have Dot in the land of dreams, and Mrs. Grande smiled about to lay her on the sofa when a sharp peal from the door made her hasten her action.

Hurrying to the door, she found a large, stout man, dressed nicely, standing there.

"George! George!" exclaimed Mrs. Grande, and she saw a smiling face.

"Wasn't you drowned?" hurriedly asked Mrs. Grande.

"Perhaps so, but I bumbled myself up again," he answered, smiling.

"But how did you escape," asked Mrs. Grande.

"He explained to her how he had stayed on the ship until every one was off, and then catching hold of a wooden chest, plunged overboard. How he had almost starved on the chest, how sea sickness got, and explained when he got on the boat to take him home how he had called to an old colored waiter, 'Potter, take me home, please, something eat' and many other hardships he had endured."

"I tried to get here in time for Thanksgiving, but here I am," he said, laughing merrily now.

Dorothy, awakened by the sound of voices, opened the door, and was about to run to her mother. When she espied the tall form standing in the doorway she ran to him instead.

"Uncle! uncle!" she cried, jumping into his arms, "didn't you burn up in the fire?"

"No, Buggy, but how glad uncle is to see you," said Captain Dighton.

"But, uncle, how did you keep from being burnt?"

He told her the story, and when he finished she clasped her little hands.

"Dear God, thank you over and over again for bringing my dear uncle to little Dot."

And that was her sweet little Thanksgiving prayer, in which both mother and uncle joined in reverently.

KATHERINE HARNEDY,
Hampton, Va.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING.

Though the Pilgrims had suffered many hardships, after a year the land yielded abundantly, and they decided to thank God for it. In autumn, after the grain had been harvested and stored for the winter, they held a great feast, which they called "The First Thanksgiving." King Massachusetts and ninety of his men were invited. Some of the Pilgrims, among them Miles Standish, who would rise and fire the sunrise gun, was up to meet the Indians, who came veiling and wearing the settlers.

So the raising of drums was heard, and the Pilgrims had morning prayer. Then came breakfast. Would you like to know what they had? Well, there

were cold meats, turnips, porridge and cakes made of Indian meal. After breakfast all went to see some military drills under Captain Standish. His army consisted of only nineteen men, with the English flag over them. The Indians were both surprised and delighted by the marching of the soldiers. This wonderful feast was completed on the third day by a dinner that all remembered.

FRANK METZGER,
3515 Seventh St., Fulton,
Richmond, Va.

A RABBIT CHASE.

Once there was a little dog who was going along the road. He came upon a rabbit's track. He followed it to a corner of the fence, where a hole was. He waited and waited for a long time. Presently he heard a little noise. He looked. When the rabbit saw the dog he ran just as fast as he could go, the dog after him. They had a long run. The rabbit ran into a hollow tree. There the dog stood and barked and barked. The farmer came out to the tree and cut it down. He got the rabbit out and gave him a good dinner. And that was the last of the rabbit.

By JOHN F. WINN, JR.,
114 N. Fifth Street, Richmond, Va.

THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

It was a warm spring day. I had been asleep for four long weeks. So I broke my shell and found myself in a world unknown. I grew and thrived, and before I was hardly aware of it, I found myself a full-grown turkey. I was very proud because I was so handsome. I strutted about an said, "Gooby bie, gooby, gooby!"

Summer was over, and the cool autumn days came on. Each morning Farmer Blair came into the henyard and gave us some delicious grain. One day as he was feeding us he was suddenly reached out his hands and caught me. He put me in a pen, and I stayed there awhile, and then a boy came with something in his hand.

"Why," I thought, "what can he be intending to do?" (For he had an ax in his hand.) He seized my head and laid it across a block and raised the ax high in the air. Then he thought came into my mind that he meant to end my armless life.

"Alas!" thought I. I shall be made to taste some Thanksgiving dinner table, where greedy humans shall eat me until there is nothing left.

The ax descended on my head and cleft it from my body. Lo! the poor turkey! He had been a true prophet of his sad fate. For when that Thanksgiving dinner was over there was nothing left of him but a few bones.

Original by
MILDRED N. PAGE LEWIS,
Clamont, Albemarle county, Va.

Thanking Day.

I laugh and troll for my bones are whole;
I am going to give thanks for that.
My debts are paid, and I'm not afraid;
I'm going to give thanks for that.
And when I'm dressed no person asks,
"Where did you get that hat?"
For I'm thatched with a title that's as bright as a smile,
And I'm going to give thanks for that.

Attention, I beg, for I've put in the peg;
I'm going to give thanks for that.
I've shook the gang, and let them go hang;
You bet I'll give thanks for that.
I think I'll stray to the narrow way,
And stick to it now, that's flat;
But it's no use talking, it's terrible walking.

Yet I'm going to give thanks for that.
There's a turn in the tide, and the
I'm going to give thanks for that.
There's ladders to climb—on's mine this time;
I'm going to give thanks for that.
Bohemia's a land where fortunes are few,
But I'm going to give thanks for that.

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